

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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I L L U S T R A T E D

Disce Quasi Semper Victurus : Vibe Quasi Cras Moriturus

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THE GROTTO

THE WEEK

There was a Ball. Two hundred and twenty-five couples attended in whole or in part. A large number of girls from South Bend and St. Mary's, and a few more from distant points, arrived on the heels of engraved invitations and danced with the members of the Senior Class. This done, they returned to their homes, and the members of the S. C. to Sorin Hall and other places of refuge. Both then slept. So much for statistics.

More than statistics is required to give an adequate impression of the great event of the social year. In nearly every particular the Ball was perfect,—management, conduct, interest, suspense, character, plot, and situation. Attractive attractions commenced arriving Friday morning and by the time of the reception dance in the afternoon the hotel elevators were crowded. The Palais and the Palais Orchestra drew numbers to this, the opening festivity. Real tea was supposed to be served, but it wasn't. The big point, of course, was the Ball proper: the grand march was scheduled for ten o'clock. Something evidently went wrong, for there was no grand march, unless the leaders fooled the public and held one by themselves at eight thirty, "before the crowd arrived". No one missed it, anyway, until afterwards. There were too many other things to do. Commenting on the decorations was a popular pastime; also trying to get into tune with the music (big town stuff, they said), having pictures taken, counting Spanish shawls, looking for that next dance, doing introductions, watching the hardy Charlestoners, and attempting to find a cool spot.

Food at midnight received a rousing reception. The waiters were swamped with work and found themselves unable to procure a glass of water for the beautiful and

parched. Then on and on until three o'clock, round and round, in and under, up and over. The last waltz came just one dance too early, and nearly everyone found himself dancing with some other fellow's girl. In the excitement of rescuing wraps from the check room the Palais was painstakingly emptied at last. Dawn saw the final Tuxedo disappear into some door or other, and the Ball was over. Except for the tea dance Saturday afternoon, official functions ceased. A few hardy spirits arose in time to attend the athletic events at Cartier Field and two p. m. breakfasts accounted for the rest.

According to numerous S. A. C. Bulls the class elections are over. Handshaking becomes a lost art until next spring, and the Library has been recleaned. Even the Scribblers elected: five stalwart applicants were picked to fill the places of Seniors who totter toward graduation. As a matter of fact, there are seven Scribblers who walk up the long, long aisle on June 13, but apparently two of them are not worth replacing.

Blossom Week called out the Band in all the glory of tailored uniforms and polished instruments. They chartered a special car and spent the day in St. Joe, Michigan. Incidentally, it rained and blew and thundered, and the blossoms became somewhat battered before the day's end. But it was a trip, anyway. The Orchestra gave a concert; so did Mr. George Higdon and Mr. Ulysses Rothballer; so did the Chicago Symphony.

Picnics account for some of the casualties. The Knights of Columbus journeyed in busses to Christiana Lake and ate, drank, played ball and other things. St. Mary's had a picnic too, and after the lunch was over, a trip to see the glories of Notre Dame brought joy to the aesthetes—from both sides of the road.—J.A.W.

DOMES TO BE OUT TUESDAY

The *Dome* of 1926 will make its appearance on the campus next Tuesday morning. It will be distributed in each hall, from rooms to be designated later on the *Dome* bulletins.

To cope with the orders submitted by Seniors who desire special books containing, on the opening page, a picture of themselves in cap and gown, arrangements have been made whereby 100 *Domes* will arrive on the campus Saturday. These will not be distributed until Monday, however, since the pictures supplied by the Russell Studio of Chicago, must be inserted. They will be given to the first 100 members of the Class of '26 who apply for them.

Seniors desiring to obtain an extra copy of the *Dome's* special issue, should apply not later than Saturday noon, to the Students' Office. At this time a list will be compiled which will be used in the distribution on Monday. Seniors are not compelled to pay cash, but may have the charges put on their account. Other students who have subscribed to the 1926 year book, but not yet paid for it, are asked to report at the *Dome* desk in the Main Building.

THE BALL: A BRIEF HISTORY

All day last Friday trains from the East and trains from the West unloaded at South Bend passengers who looked like entrants in a national beauty contest. The Notre Dame Senior Ball was being held that night.

Friday afternoon at three-thirty the Ball festivities began with a reception dance at the Palais Royale. The Palais Royale Orchestra furnished the music and neatly uniformed waitresses furnished tea.

Between the hours of nine and ten Friday night Harry Denny's Collegians supplied notes of welcome for the arriving Seniors and guests. With the music were squeals of surprise: the favors, miniature loving cups bearing the seal of the University, were being discovered. Another surprise was furnished by the decorations committee, for the Palais was a summer garden with trellised walls, palm trees,

flowers and everything. And at the east and west ends of the dance floor were luxurious settees, floor lamps and great, easy chairs.

At ten o'clock, Jean Goldkette's Orchestra took the stage. The music was in keeping with the grand affair. At midnight Mr. Denny again furnished rhythm. The Seniors then went to the mezzanine floor, where a supper was served. At one Saturday morning Goldkette reappeared for the second half of the program. And at about 2:50 to dimmed lights and swishing feet "A Perfect Day," waltz tempo, moved into "Till We Meet Again," and that into "Home Sweet Home". "Taxi." "Going out to school, fellows?"

Saturday afternoon many of the Seniors and their guests attended the Notre Dame-Iowa baseball game. After the game, from five to seven, there was another tea dance. This one at the Oliver Hotel on the mezzanine floor, with Denny & Co. again furnishing melody. "Send a volley cheer on high . . ." So ended the Ball of '26.

LOCAL ARTISTS PRAISED

The University News Stand, in charge of the sales of Professor Phillips' novel, "The Doctor's Wooing," received word last Thursday from the publishers in New York announcing the awards in the poster contest. The publishers have expressed surprise at the unusual merit of the work submitted by Notre Dame artists and announce that, while the prize winning posters were found to be of especial value, all of the posters entered in the contest will be made use of.

The first award goes to J. Albert Fritz, Day Student. But so excellent were the drawings made by Roy L. Mack, Brownson Hall, and G. E. Miller, Day Student, that a second prize, equal to the first, is to be divided between them. The other contestants, August J. Puchinger, Freshman; N. Loti, Corby, and George J. Schill, Walsh, will receive autographed copies of "The Doctor's Wooing".

The posters are being exhibited in the book stores of South Bend, and later will be shown in New York City.

EDITORIAL WRITER SPEAKS HERE

"Newspapers are the most human things in the world," was the statement made by Sidney B. Whipple, formerly of Denver, Colo., the newly appointed editorial writer of the *South Bend News-Times*, in a lecture on "Newspaper Ethics" to members of the Journalism Department of the University last week. "Like human beings, they possess certain characteristics," he continued, "which represent them as gentlemen or tramps, as preachers or goody-goodies, as gossips or prostitutes. Each has some quality—and this quality is found in its very soul."

Afterwards, the speaker, who has been associated with some of the most prominent newspapers in the country, discussed the distinguishing traits or qualities possessed by such papers as the *Boston Globe*, the *New York Journal*, the *New York Times*, the *New York Daily News*, the *Denver Post* and the *Chicago Tribune*, representing each as a character in human life.

"There are therefore human elements to be found in every newspaper," he went on. "To be as a gentleman in all its dealing with the public is the aim of the model newspaper. And gentlemen," he added, "always tell the truth."

At this point, Mr. Whipple centered his discussion upon the suppression of news. Declaring that he knew of instances where the suppression of news for the public good was justified, he related an experience of his while editor of the *Denver Express*. To justify further his statements that certain types of news should be kept from the papers, he referred to recent restrictions placed upon the newspapers in England by the government. Then he discussed rumors and their value in the modern news room.

"No real newspaper will print rumors without first confirming them," he explained, "for the rumor is one of the greatest dangers with which modern society has to contend," he said. "The sifting of rumors by a newspaper, is therefore one of the greatest protective agencies afforded society by the newspaper."

In the general discussion following his

lecture, Mr. Whipple explained the necessity of having the various types of news verified, referring also the plan adopted by many newspapers with regard to judging their advertising. Mr. Whipple justified the publication of crime news by declaring that "publicity is the greatest weapon of the community against crime, since it provides in part, the punishment which follows a crime."

GRADY HEADS SCRIBBLERS AGAIN

Lester C. Grady, Badin Hall, editor of the *Juggler*, and a Junior in the School of Journalism, was unanimously re-elected president of the Scribblers at a meeting held in the SCHOLASTIC office, Corby Hall, Monday evening. Joseph Breig, Brownson Hall, a Sophomore in the College of Arts and Letters, was elected to fill the office to be left vacant by the graduation of James A. Withey, secretary and treasurer.

Five new members were elected to fill some of the vacancies caused by the graduation of Scribblers. The new men are Terence Donahue, James C. Roy, John O'Neill, John Cullinan and Leo R. McIntyre.

Plans for a fitting farewell to be accorded the retiring members of the club were discussed, and it was decided that a banquet will be held in the near future. Due to lack of time, no picnic will be held this year. On this account it is hoped to make the banquet an especially fine affair.

LAY OUT NEW FIELDS

Followers of interhall athletics will be interested in the announcement made this week that three new playing fields are planned for the University. These fields, located to the south of Lyons hall, across the University Road, were laid out on Wednesday. Work on one of them will be begun immediately, and the two others will be finished in time for football in the fall. The result will be doubled facilities for interhall sports which, with entrance of two new halls into the league next year, are expected to have a more important place in the life of the University than ever before.

HUSTON TALKS ON WRITING

"I wish I could get you fellows to realize the danger of day-dreaming, of indulging in fantasy; I wish that I could get you to take your pencils and sacrifice fun and settle down to the hard, unromantic work of writing,—to stop saying 'When I write' and go at it solidly to really write," said McCready Huston, novelist, humorist, short-story writer and associate editor of the *South Bend Tribune*, in an address delivered to over a hundred students Tuesday in the north room of the Library. Prolonged and intense applause followed the close of one of the finest addresses Mr. Huston has ever delivered here.

Mr. Huston's talk probably brought more than one laboriously erected castle of dreams tumbling about the creator's ears. Directly, ruthlessly, the young novelist told of the sheer labor involved in writing; of the years of waiting, of being satisfied with the crumbs or with nothing at all, before arriving at a literary goal. Mr. Huston spared no dreams; he did not encourage his listeners with glimpses of easy fame, but came boldly down to fact and outlined the grim battle that each of his listeners must fight if he would write successfully. And because his listeners were waiting and hoping for just that,—because they were satiated with pretty theories and impractical nothings, they welcomed Mr. Huston's words with hearty, embracing applause. The young writer destroyed many a beautiful dream, but he gave something better in return—facts. He showed his listeners a tough prospect, but he showed them—and that is what they had been waiting for.

Practicability was the keynote of Mr. Huston's address. What to do and how to do it was his topic, and he adhered religiously to his text. The writing profession was shown to be as business-like as any other, and Mr. Huston's audience liked it. The writing of short paragraphs and humorous sayings came in for considerable discussion, Mr. Huston styling them the bread and butter of the creative artist.

During the course of his lecture, Mr. Hus-

ton had occasion to mention his own work, and revealed the fact that his second novel is now finished, and will begin in serial form in the *Pictorial Review* for August, 1926. It will be published in book form after the installments are completed. The title has not yet been selected.

Mr. Huston again stressed the advisability of writing first in long-hand, giving as reasons the ease of revision, the lack of love for penciled manuscripts which the author feels for typewritten work, and the fact that penciled work may be lived with and gone over frequently at odd moments. The fact that his latest novel grew out of a germ found in an old short story was revealed by Mr. Huston during the course of his talk.

Several of Mr. Huston's remarks were almost brutally truthful, but they were received joyously by his audience. "Nine out of ten college men who go to another university to 'take their Master's' do so because they want to loaf another year,—because they wish to evade the necessity of facing life," said the young novelist—and made a hit with his sympathetic audience.

The young author's talk was interspersed with bits of the wit that has made him popular in American humorous magazines, and his audience appreciated his sarcasm to the full measure. Mr. Huston's first book, "*Huling's Quest*," published recently, became swiftly popular on the campus, and his newest work, with the added impetus of experience behind it, will probably exceed the success of the last.

TO BROADCAST DEBATE

A radio debate between the Notre Dame affirmative and negative teams will be broadcast by the *South Bend Tribune* station next Wednesday evening, May 28. The debate will be judged by the listeners, who will find ballots published in the next few issues of the paper. The discussion will be limited to sixty minutes. The speakers will be: Affirmative, William Craig, Arthur Goldberg, Dave Stanton; Negative, James Roy, John Dailey, and William Coyne.

After many heated discussions the debaters have finally named their new club "The Wranglers". "The Debaters" was also suggested and for a while given serious consideration, but when one gentleman remarked that in view of the record in debating this year this name might be too assuming, "The Wrangler" was unanimously adopted.

Father Bolger and Father Mulcaire spoke to the club at its meeting last Tuesday evening. Father Bolger awarded debating pins to the men who have spoken in intercollegiate debates for the first time this year. They are the following: John Griffin, James Roy, Arthur Goldberg, Arnold Williams, William Krieg, and William Craig. The subject for next year's intercollegiate debates was announced. It reads: "Resolved, that grants-in-aid by the federal government to the states should be discontinued." This topic is one much under discussion by politicians and political scientists of the present day and one which has not yet been debated by any college. Debates for next year have already been scheduled with Earlham, DePauw, Franklin, Purdue, and Western Reserve of Cleveland.

All action upon applications for membership was deferred until next year. It is a requisite for membership that a man must have at least tried out for the debating team, or spoken in one of the following contests: a class oratorical, Barry Medal, Breen Medal, or McInerny award. Preference will be given to those men who go out for the debating team. One who makes this team will automatically become a Wrangler.

The club decided that every man in the school who has the faintest ambition to speak must be discovered. For this reason it was decided to hold a series of interhall debates next year. Victor Lemmer, '26, promised to donate a loving cup to the best of these interhall teams. A committee was appointed to take care of the plans for the annual reunion of present and past debaters some time during commencement week. Club pins were ordered from the Toledo Jewelry Company.

DAILEY WINS MCINERNY PRIZE

John A. Dailey, of Burlington, Iowa, won the McInerny prize of fifty dollars for excellence in public speaking in the College of Law, in the final contest held in Washington Hall last Thursday evening, May 13. Five men survived the field of thirty-nine to compete in this final contest. Samuel Privatera spoke on "Organized Crime a Menace to Society", George Farage on "Over-Production of Laws," Edward Dugan on "Lawlessness", and Lewis J. Murphy on "The Highest Law of Nations". The winning speech was "The Intemperance of Fanaticism". Dave Stanton, president of the Law Club, presided over the contest, which was fostered by Judge Wooten, of the Notre Dame College of Law.

Judge Lenn J. Oare, Attorney Samuel Parker, and Attorney Vitus Jones, all of South Bend, were the judges. The choice of the winner was unanimous.

Variety was introduced between speeches by Charles Reitz's Golden Blues Orchestra and by the Farro brothers, playing the mandolin and accordion.

ORATORS MUST REGISTER AT ONCE

All those men desirous of entering the Barry Elocution Contest or any of the class oratorical contests are urged to hand in their names immediately to Prof. Kelly, head of the Public Speaking Department. The Barry Contest will be held on Tuesday, June 2. To date twelve entries have been filed, and it is probable that preliminaries will be necessary. The date of these will be announced by the SCHOLASTIC in its next issue. The entries in the class oratorical contests have not been so numerous. The orations for these must not exceed ten minutes in length and must be original. These contests will be held at 3:30 in the afternoon according to the following schedule: Freshman, Monday, May 24; Sophomore, Wednesday, May 26; Junior, Thursday, May 27. The winner of each class contest receives a cash prize of ten dollars in gold.

Campus Comment

The SCHOLASTIC invites communications for this department. It will not be responsible for any views contained in these communications, however, nor will it consider for publication any letter not signed, in evidence of good faith, with the writer's name and address. Anonymity in print will be preserved if the writer desires.

o o o

Editor, SCHOLASTIC:

Judging by his letter of complaint published in last week's SCHOLASTIC, it looks as if Mr. Paul Harrington is attempting to make a major rumpus out of a minor affair.

There is little need to justify my action in asking Mr. Harrington and his associates to vacate the tennis court. Members of the tennis team are permitted the use of the two eastern courts at all times. "All times" includes Sundays, week days, and Ember days. Also Holydays.

The fact that I chose Sunday to practice seems to nettle Mr. Harrington. Mr. Harrington fails to realize that the tennis team has no set periods or days for practice, due to the late afternoon classes of some of its members. Sunday is the one day in the week that affords the opportunity to get a real workout. Why should not the team practice on Sunday?

As to the ones who usurped the court, let me say, that the usurpers consisted of two members of the varsity team and two members of the freshman team. Practice, not friendship, constituted the reason for the two Freshmen being invited to play.

The attempted analogy of the tennis team with the football and basketball teams is crude. The tennis team cannot practice on wet grounds; the basketball team is not affected by the weather and the football team is only slightly hampered by unfavorable conditions. Mr. Harrington seems to be ignorant of the fact that the tennis team has been disturbed by the weather to such an extent that only one real day's practice was obtained before the first match.

Mr. Harrington's statement that "perhaps it is just possible that they (football and basketball teams) don't need the practice as much as some members of the tennis

team" has a sarcastic twist to it, but it is probably the truth if records are compared. The tennis team needs all the practice it can get. If the members of the team are willing and are urged to practice on Sunday why should they not do so?

In using one of his cleverly sounding phrases, I think Mr. Harrington fell several inches short of being a gentleman. It is travelling rather low for a major monogram man to ridicule a person who has done his best to earn a minor award. "Resplendent in the glory of his minor award" was an insulting comment and it hurt.

—WILLIAM DORGAN.

PROM AT ST. MARY'S TONIGHT

Traditionally it's thud-thud toward South Bend. Tonight it's squeak-squeak away from the domain of the Palais and Palace. If you want to hear and see for yourself, walk over to the Niles road and note the white shirt-fronts heading toward St. Mary's. Hobnails are abandoned for the evening—therefore, the absence of the thud. And evening footwear is in fashion—therefore, the presence of the slight protesting squeak.

Tonight the Senior Class of the sister institution celebrates, and names its celebration the Senior Prom. And many big brothers from the domain of the twin lakes are helping to make the Prom a success. Ross Franklin's Orchestra is furnishing premeditated wails and moans for the occasion. A Bridge-Tea will be held tomorrow, from 2 until 5 o'clock. And then the festivities will be complete.

PHILLIPS' BOOK APPEARS

"The Doctor's Wooing," the new novel from the pen of Charles Phillips, appeared on the campus this week and was received enthusiastically by the many who have been eagerly anticipating its publication. The book was published by the Devin-Adair Company, New York City, and is bound in attractive blue, with the author's signature in gold on the cover. An unusual demand upon the campus for advance copies made the first shipment disappear rapidly.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Notre Dame Orchestra will make a tour of southern Indiana this week-end. A concert will be given in Indianapolis this evening. Saturday afternoon the organization will play for the annual May Festival given at St. Mary's-of-the-Woods. The members of the Orchestra, together with the Varsity Quartet, which will accompany the Club as a feature part of the program, will be guests at the Colonial Ball given in Guerin Hall, Saturday night. The musicians will return to the campus sometime Sunday afternoon.

A concert, to be sponsored by the Camp-fire Girls of South Bend, will be given by the University Glee Club in the High School auditorium next Friday night, May 28. A final Glee Club concert will be given on the Campus at Commencement time.

A piano and vocal recital was given in Washington Hall Tuesday night, May 18, by George Higdon, '28, and Ulysses Rothballer, '28, baritone. Mr. Higdon is a pupil of Dr. John Becker of the Department of Music, and Mr. Rothballer is a pupil of Mr. Elton Crepeau, also of the Department of Music.

The George Barrere Little Symphony Orchestra of New York City appeared in recital in Washington Hall, Wednesday night, May 12. The program was as follows:

1. Symphony, "The Hen"-----Haydn
2. Piano Concerto in F-----Chopin
3. Two Hungarian Dances-----Brahms
4. Selection from "Orpheus"-----Gluck
Flute Solo by Mr. Barrere.
5. Two Serenades -----Schubert—Leconte
6. "For My Little Friend"-----Pierne

The Haydn Symphony, while it was exceptionally well rendered, was not especially interesting, and the Piano Concerto, though given in a manner which was almost technically perfect, did not inspire much enthusiasm on the part of the audience. The most interesting part of the program was that which comprised the two final groups.

The Serenades, familiar to all, were given new vitality by the splendid interpretation. The Pierne Suite was a delight, from the first to the last of the four numbers.

"Behind the Front," the war-time comedy, with Raymond Hatton, Wallace Beery and Mary Brian, as the featured players, will hold forth in Washington Hall on Tuesday evening, May 25, for the benefit of the Bengal Missions. Anyone who saw the picture in South Bend will need no urging to see it again, and those who haven't seen it will want to anyway. No more need be said.

The University Band travelled to the Blossom Festival at St. Joseph, Michigan, Tuesday, and led the long parade which featured the day there. They were enthusiastically received.—A. L. M.

CLASS OFFICERS ELECTED

The results of the final class elections were posted by the S. A. C. Elections Committee last week.

L. H. Hennessey, of Vicksburg, Miss., was elected president of the Senior Class of '27. He is a student in the College of Commerce. The other officers chosen by the class of '27 are: vice-president, Dan McCluskey; secretary, Ed. DeClercq; treasurer, Bart Favero.

The Senior S. A. C. representatives are: College of Engineering, T. F. Dohogne; Arts and Letters, Rupert Wentworth; Law, Bernard Abrott; Commerce, Ed. Ryan; Science, John A. Foley; Day, John Q. Carey.

The Junior class of '28 elected Maurice Conley, of Fulton, New York, president. The other officers are: vice-president, John Frederick; secretary, Francis Creadon; treasurer, Wagner. Joseph Doran and John Smith were elected as two-year representatives to the S. A. C. and James O'Toole was elected for the one year term.

John J. Elder, of Lebanon, Ky., was elected president of the Sophomore class of '29. Thomas A. Ryan was chosen vice-president; John Niemiec, secretary, and Frank Mooney, treasurer. John Reilly was elected to the S. A. C.

THE COLLEGE PARADE

There are six types of college newspapers according to Professor Leon Whipple of New York University. Sixty-five delegates to the Intercollegiate Newspaper Association at New York heard their papers classified as follows:

College Billboard—No amplification is needed, the name is self-explanatory.

University Mouthpiece—A loud speaker for the trustees and president.

Village Gossip—This paper is made up of personals about professors and students.

Journal of Education—This is a "sorry and dull" paper, the result of faculty efforts to inject education into the reader.

The Local Gad-fly—A magazine of criticism. This type usually does a fade out.

Zealous Crusader—These papers see beyond immediate campus problems and partake of national problems.

When a professor checks up on his students, it's hardly news. But when the students check up on their professor, it's different. Also it's news. And yet that was the situation last week when Latin students in a class at the University of Pittsburgh refused to leave their room until a substitute teacher was provided to conduct the class in the absence of their regular instructor. A delegation was sent to the Latin offices to ask for the substitute. In contrast to the above story comes word from the School of Business Administration, where it is reported that an instructor returning after a three days' absence was confronted with an empty room and had to spend a number of days collecting his class members before he could resume hostilities.

By making notes on the snappy collegiate conversations and assiduously reading all undergraduate publications, a graduate student in linguistics at Stanford University has gathered a collection of more than 300 slang words and expressions. "Dryball," a student who does nothing but study; "to

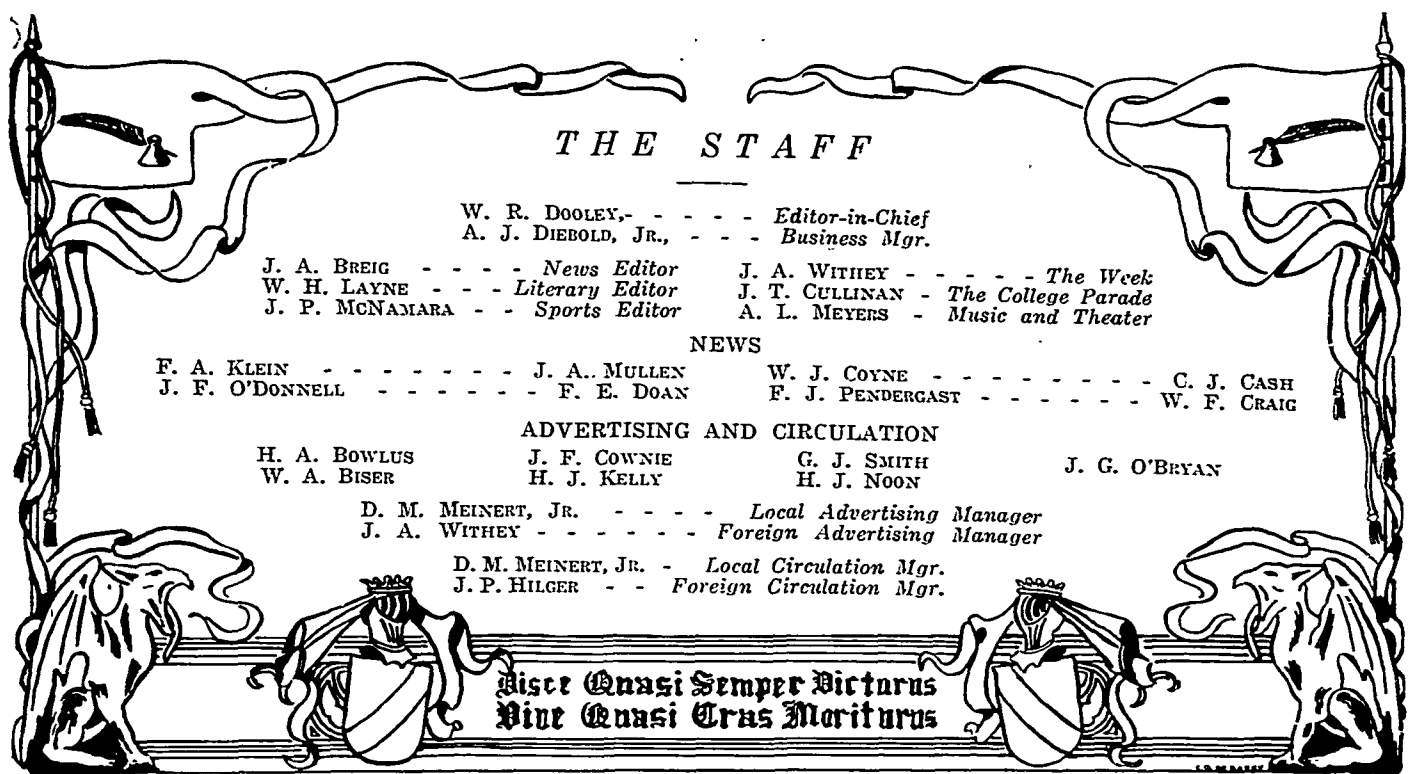
hop a rattler," to board a trolley; "imports," women who come to social affairs and who do not live on the campus; "to get off the dime," to start; "rough," a student not neatly clad but good-hearted, who looks in at a dance but partakes only of eatables; "on the gravy train," to get credit for no work; "bawl out," student directory; "apple-polishing," to flatter for sake of personal advancement.

A Yale professor, Irving Fisher, appeared before a committee of the United States Senate and asserted that Yale was dry and that drinking was on the decline there. Whereupon the *Yale News* held a referendum on the subject. Students and faculty voted three to one that drinking was not on the decline and four to one against the present Volstead Act. The voters were in favor of government regulation of some kind, however. The professor, evidently, was misinformed.

The *New Student* has collected information which seems to disprove the charge that student body elective offices are dominated by athletes who win positions on their athletic fame. College editors report a proportion of one to three colleges in which the athletes do not rule. Ohio State reported two of sixteen men of the Student Council and only the Sophomore president among the four classes are athletes.

Dr. W. A. Craigie, one of the editors of the Oxford Dictionary, and temporarily engaged by the University of Chicago in the production of a new American dictionary, predicts that slang phrases will be accepted into the language. He is including them in his new work, though he feels they do not properly belong there yet.—J.T.C.

Mr. Paradis, former head of the Art Department here, died on Wednesday, May 12, at Guelph, Ontario. Mr. Paradis was to have been the recipient of an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University at the June commencement.



AUTHORS IN THE MAKING

Most of us, at one time or another, have had an ambition to write. The creative instinct germinates down in the depths of us and must out. The emanation of it is hastened by the tales we read of the large monetary reward for modern "literature", especially the short story and the novel. Ten, fifteen, twenty cents a word, so many words, so many stories a month,—presto! Fortune is ours.

Most of us, too, now and again, make a try for this glittering, easy wealth. Unfortunately (or fortunately), we are quickly disillusioned. Our manuscripts are returned from the publishers with a curt "not suitable," or else with a more friendly refusal, which is in effect the same. We cannot understand why *our* story doesn't connect; it was vastly superior to much of the trash published in the magazine we decided to honor.

McCready Huston, in a recent lecture, gave a pointed explanation of the "why" of this. His fourteen years in journalism and his intimate connection with the literary and publishing world were solid foundations for his statements. Mr. Huston stressed the apprenticeship which must be undergone before a writer's wares can be of value to the public. Five to fifteen years was

given as the average. It is this apprenticeship which makes an author. It cannot be ignored or escaped, because writing is not the easy business it appears to be on the surface. The majority of young writers, however, think they can dodge the arduous grind by native brilliance. They can't; and they are disillusioned.

Mr. Huston suggested newspaper work as the best apprenticeship. Here, one is kept writing constantly; his efforts are ruthlessly blue-penciled; he learns life, and people, and human nature—the fundamentals which must be known before successful creative work in literature is possible. Individual initiative must be acquired; dreams must be forgotten; hard work must be done before one can "arrive" as an author. The newspaper is the quickest means to the end, and even it is very slow in the eyes of youth.

Better advice than this could not be given the aspiring writer. There is no golden road to literary fame and fortune; and the sooner our younger authors realize this, the better it will be for present-day letters.

The annual open-air concerts given by the Band have been strangely absent this year. May is the month for these concerts. They make dull evenings pleasant. Let us have them again.

Shadows

JOHN O'NEILL, '28

IN Westbrook they will tell you that Joe Hurley and his girl-wife were doomed from the first, that old China Charlie could have swallowed them both up without even a wink of his little slanted eyes. Others will smile knowingly and say that Joan Hurley was a bit mad from the start and had imagined everything. There are numerous opinions on that account, but the wiseacres of the town, when questioned, merely gaze out to a grass-grown road that emerges from Westbrook and climbs a hill to the north. "Out there's the place," they will say, "Go and have a look for yourself," as if that were the only and most complete answer.

The place is known as The Scrange. People got into the habit of calling it that after they came to know old Joseff Scrange, for its motley group of factory buildings seemed more than a business venture after you knew its owner. One came to feel that it was a symbol—a monument to some great gesture of ambition, to some mad unyielding force that had driven on and on, scorning defeat, until it had passed with a fierce disregard the very last frontier of hope and had plunged the dreamer into oblivion with his proud dream, leaving only The Scrange, but another empty monument to ambition. It was to have been a great factory, gathering the fruits of the smiling western valleys and turning all to dollars with the magic of its machines. At one time all had been bustle and noise within those walls; now the great buildings echoed vacantly to the labors of a half dozen mechanics taking out the machines, all that the world now wanted of the old place.

Joe Hurley was one of these workmen. It was the first week of a bleak October when he came with Joan, his wife, from Westbrook to live in one of the cottages that were clustered around The Scrange. It being some distance from the town over a tortuous road, the few workmen preferred to

live at the factory with their families, going to town only on Sundays. To see the deserted factory for the first time was to be impressed; certainly Joe's usual sunniness cooled to a shudder as he stopped his Ford at the cottage door and gazed up at the ominous pile of warehouses beyond. He received the impression then—and it clung to him later—that The Scrange was a dark, inscrutable presence that brooded there, frowning down upon the world that had forgotten it. Three large hulks of warehouses rose out of the litter of smaller buildings, dominating them with evil leers from every one of a hundred sightless windows. Around the whole a sluggish stream wound, choked with scrub trees. The water seemed to darken as it mirrored The Scrange, dismal and grey and still. Joe looked at those staring windows, comparable to the eyes of a creature that has died suddenly, with the sightless orbs still staring a meaningless stare. Perhaps old Joseff Scrange's ghost would like to come back.

Joe laughed, not in forced mirth, but with a laugh full and rich, strong with the strength of his lithe young body; for Joe was young and could chase such day-dreams away with laughter.

"Funny kind of place, ain't it, Joan? Makes a feller feel sort of creepy."

The neat little gingham dress beside him stirred a bit. A pair of large brown eyes came out of their reverie and regarded him with a half smile.

"Uh-huh—glad I don't have to work over there." She lapsed into silence again and Joe felt that she was wishing for the time when he would not have to accept undesirable jobs in such out-of-the-way places. He wanted to mock her for her thoughts but reconsidered and instead laughed again as he attacked the pile of baggage in the rear seat.

For a week life there was ordinary enough. Joe worked all day in the old

buildings and struck up a casual acquaintance with the six other workmen, although he never liked them greatly. He was glad to return each evening to Joan and the warmth of his little cottage. They were young enough, these two, to find a glow of happiness in every little reunion, young enough to be in love, or to believe so. Joe was glad to be at work, for taking care of his bit of a wife had been his sole passion for a year now. To him life was simple and straight; he knew that he must work hard for the first few years; never mind, he could learn—was learning—and he and Joan would soon have their share of the world. He had his own cheerful philosophy, his own views. "It's all in the ol' noodle" he would say with a grin. And what he could not understand he laughed away playfully, until a time when he could figger it out. He had often to be thus playful with Joan when she would lose herself in moodiness. Perhaps that is why she had married him—because he refused to take her moods seriously. He half suspected that it was best for her that he did laugh.

Joe loved to sit in the kitchen and watch her at work, that work that appeared always to tower over her, to make her seem so nearly futile in her frailty, yet which always surrendered somehow to her quiet efforts. He told her laughingly that the fairies must have helped her; but her brown eyes always darkened at that and she only laughed nervously, after a little pensive pause. In her silent moods she was always an enigma to him. He remembered only, at such times, that she needed him with a need eloquently expressed in her great brown eyes and in the girlish curve of her mouth that seemed forever wanting, on its own account, to smile understandingly up at him. And that was enough for Joe.

Then one day Joan met old China Charlie. It was on one of her walks. She liked to go out in the afternoon, hurry across the bridge over that evil little stream and away into the surrounding hills. She noticed that the farms were healthier as their distance from the factory increased, as if The Scrange breathed forth a blight upon the

fields. And it had, too, she knew; for she had heard often of how many crops it had ruined for its near-neighbors with its gas and smoke and other nuisances. But that was all over now; the hardier weeds had already climbed again up and over the window-sills of the factory, flaunting their greens in tardy triumph.

Joan was a pretty little figure as she swung across the fields, with the sunlight on her face and her feet kicking among rustling leaves. It was thus that she came upon the old Chinaman one afternoon. He could not have taken her more by surprise had he sprung from the ground before her. She rounded a clump of bushes and there he was. Passive, questing, his little eyes held her for a moment. He stood in the middle of her path. His attitude was not one of defiance. He was merely immovable and quite matter of fact, as if he had grown there like some yellow mushroom. She knew that he was a farmer for he was attired in the usual crazy John Chinaman outfit: large straw hat, blue denim jacket and black shirt. But there was something about him that made her forget his American clothes, some hint of subtleness and strange ways—something that lurked in his gleaming little eyes. As she turned swiftly she had just time to see a large yellow cat at the Chinaman's feet. Unaccountably the thought came to her that the creature was like its master in some strange way, as if they united to become one *presence*. She arrived breathless at the cottage the door had closed tightly behind. Terror still lingered in her eyes. Joan had always been mortally afraid of Orientals. Her father, a railroad superintendent, had been stabbed to death by a Chinese section-hand. She had never shared his friendliness for the Chinks; he had liked them, trusted them, but Joan had always loathed their presence. Her father's end had turned that first prejudice to ice. The thought of her meeting this one sickened her.

She endeavored to bring up the subject casually to Joe that night. "Joey," she said over the potato dish, "Who's that old Chinaman near here?"

He looked up quickly, remembering her father. Under his scrutiny Joan remained impassive, until he answered: "Him?—He's a farmer—does pretty well, too. They say he has money, 'though The Scrange ruined more than one of his crops. Sort of a queer old bird. Did you see his cat?"

She nodded, repressing her desire to tell him how much she wished they had never come here.

"I never could figger out that cat, funny. . ." Joe mused, proceeding to devote himself to his pipe and his newspaper. Somehow, they both were glad to drop the subject. Joan felt as if another presence had entered the room, bringing a pair of gleaming little eyes that watched her, unblinking. She caught Joe glancing up at her quizzically more than once that evening. She knew that he was reading her thoughts, but with that knowledge came a determination never to tell her fears to him. In their mutual sacrifices, she told herself her part was to be this self-inflicted portion of silent courage. She would fight her premonitions alone. Strange, that with that decision, the whole world seemed to change for her. How she longed to tell Joe her thoughts, to hear his teasing little laugh, to be comforted. But no, this once he might catch her attitude; a bit more and he would be giving up his job—and his happiness. She set her lips and went about her work.

Joan was startled next morning, but strangely not surprised, when that great yellow cat appeared on her window-sill. It was as if she had expected it, as one looks forward to a cold after exposure. She watched it mutely, a dull pain in her eyes. The size of the animal was remarkable—almost twice that of an ordinary cat. It was a sleek amber color all over except where darker gold lines mingled to make a brilliant, mottled pattern. But these physical characteristics could have been accounted for; not so that cold, half majestic bearing, that marked it for something strange, bizarre. As it lay regarding her she saw its green, luminous eyes narrow to pin-points. Joan loathed the creature for the subtle reminder of its master it brought. She felt now that there was some physical echo of

the old Chinaman here, some peculiarity that existed in both the man and the beast. She loathed its presence, yet could not for the world have spoken to it to drive it away. She felt that she must conquer it, or what it embodied, by her own courage. Accordingly she forced herself to go about her duties as if the animal were not there. Before Joe came home it had glided away.

That night she tried to act the part she had determined upon. She attempted to smile with Joe, to be her natural, lovable self, but more than once she found him stopping in the middle of some account of the day's incidents to bring her back from her thoughts. She was infinitely relieved when one of the other workmen came in for the evening with his wife.

Joan knew that the animal would come again the next day and the next, and now every weary day. There in the quietness of her little kitchen she fought a grim, silent battle with the beast. She was trying to down in herself its strange influence, but now her powers of resistance weakened as she sensed a real danger behind it all. For surely, she reasoned, the cat had attached itself to her not because of any ordinary motive. In that brief moment that she had seen them together she had sensed some delicate relationship between the man and the animal. They seemed to be one in some black, unbelievable way. Thus Joan came to see in the creature's visits a warning—a gesture of the master. Remembering that tragedy of her girlhood she feared with an increasing fear for Joe, she thought, shuddering, how much like her father Joe was in his attitude towards Orientals. He had scoffed at the talk of Old China-Charlie's vows to be avenged on The Scrange. People told wild tales of that old villain's hatred for the place and all connected with it. Would he understand her Joe's innocent connection with the place? She believed she had seen his warning. In the days that followed she was wholly miserable.

It was impossible that Joe would have failed to sense the chill spell that had come over his precious child-wife and his house. He could hardly believe that the proximity

of the old Chinaman was the only cause. At all events, he was worried, and deeply puzzled. This, or some instinct, led him one idle evening to stroll in the direction of the Chinaman's farm. It was not far away—too close it had once been for its owner's good fortune. The hut, half hidden behind shrubs and dog-weeds, was low and straggling. Its rough timbers seemed to be making a weak effort to assume an Oriental character. There were few openings: but one door and no visible windows—only crude shutters where windows would have occurred. Joe was attracted by the solitude of the place to examine it at close range. He soon found himself peeping in at a shutter opening, half against his will. Before his eyes could distinguish objects in the interior gloom his nostrils caught the pungent odor of burning opium. What he saw made him gasp in amazement and stare wide-eyed. Lying upon the couch was old Charlie, arrayed in a half-regal Chinese costume, looking like the sad shade of some exiled mandarin. Beside him lay the cat. The glow of the opium lamp lit up the weird scene. The Chinaman placed the stem of the pipe first in his own mouth and then in the mouth of his cat. The animal appeared accustomed to the procedure, enjoying the deep draughts of the white smoke quite as much as his master. Joe felt a disgust, then wonder, and finally a half-pity for this old Oriental, choosing the intimate communion of an animal in his utter loneliness. He stole away carefully, resolved to keep his discovery a secret to Joan. At last he had figgered that cat out—and found the germ on that strange resemblance between the man and his companion. In the shadowy brotherhood of the poppy seed they had become one.

In the days that followed Joe found Joan sinking further and further into her strange spell of abstraction. Often now he saw fleeting shadows in her eyes. He longed to comfort her, but now he doubted his powers. He had sobered in his attitude towards the Chinaman. Perhaps now he could not laugh away her fears. . . . He became gloomy, began to absorb the chilly atmosphere of The Scrange, who had so long held it light-

ly from him. His ample, generous face was tightening into a tense knot of set jaws and care-furrowed brows.

One day an accident occurred in the factory and Joe did not get home until after dark. He found the cottage unlighted. He supposed that Joan had probably gone over to a neighbor's cottage for a moment. She would soon return. Tired, he slowly pushed the door open. He was about to turn on the light when he became conscious of two yellow eyes fixed on him in the darkness. There, outlined dimly in the gloom, was the shadowy form of the Chinaman's cat. Tonight the animal was defiant, challenging. Suddenly all the repugnance, all the hatred that he had come to feel for the beast arose in Joe like a mighty anger. His hand, searching for a weapon, grasped an empty bucket. Wildly he raised it over his head and hurled it crashing at those two yellow eyes. To his horrified eyes the missile passed directly through the creature. The cat glided through the door with a triumphant snarl.

Next day Joe resolved to have the whole affair settled with his wife. Something, he did not know what, had cast a sinister shadow over their lives. Perhaps it was their own folly. It all made his head whirl to try to follow it. He would talk to Joan, that was the best way. . . . But somehow when the time came he thought better of his decision and kept his peace, hoping that it would come out right after all.

October had faded in gray skies and now November came with a promise of rain and chill winds. The Scrange liked gray, dismal skies, liked to skulk beneath them and scowl with all its hundred empty windows. The place was a creature and these its moods. Joe's third week started with just such a day. The old summer moaned in the wind all day long and the rain beat in monotony upon the sullen roofs and windows. The drip- drip- drip- of the rain projected itself upon his brain. Unconsciously his hammer began to beat in accord: tap- tap- tap. . . His eyes stared insanely. . . Suddenly he stood up with a jerk. The place had got him—he was afraid, afraid. In a rage at himself he slammed his tools in his

box and rushed from The Scrange.

When Joe reached home the storm had brought with it an early dusk and the black clouds were gathering again behind occasional flashes of lightning. The wind was rising, its low moan now and then breaking into a shrill scream. He opened the door and found Joan seated by the window where the last grey light filtered in. The sight of her, so lonely there by the shadows, tore his heart. After all, he had allowed her to suffer, he had done nothing. She looked up mutely.

"Joan," he choked, "Joe, dear, I've come—I've come—" He stopped, staring at her stupidly. "I've quit; we're going away from here," he muttered finally.

At first her eyes lighted thankfully, just for an instant; then she came to him saying, "No, Joey Boy, no—not quit—not—" She reached up and kissed him bravely. He took her in his arms then, eagerly, tenderly, with the old light in his eyes again. There in the shadows they sat and with braver hearts than they had known for many long days attacked those other, more sinister shadows.

Finally Joe stood up, unsatisfied, reached for his coat and with a "Wait for me here" over his shoulder, went out into the darkness. Joan stood a moment, trying to collect her numbed senses. Joe—where was Joe going? They had been talking about the Chinaman—Joe had tried to convince her of the old fellow's harmlessness. Joe had—she realized it now with a sickening assurance—had gone to prove his words to her, to bring back the Chinaman, to humble him before her. It was Joe's way. Then for an instant she felt weak all over as she

thought of Joe in danger, Joe never coming back. . . . He did not know—he was like her father had been. In one wild moment she had thrust open the door. A cry broke from her lips, rising above the shriek of the wind. She was out in the lashing rain, fighting madly to reach Joe, to stop him. All of her doubts were solved into one towering fear now, fear for her loved one's life; all her passiveness had given way in this blind battle with the storm. Her hair was wildly awry, her clothes drenched and torn, when she finally came upon China Charlie's hut. She saw the door open and raced for it. Clutching the casing she stared in. Then with one last scream she tottered dizzily. Joe, hearing, turned in time to catch her. Thus they stood for a moment. Before them on the couch, lit now and then by lurid flashes of lightning, lay China Charlie and his cat peacefully sleeping, under the poppy smoke, their last long sleep. The Chinaman was dressed in his beloved oriental costume, as if he had planned carefully his last mystic ceremony.

"Dead," Joe was saying, "I must have done for the cat after all. Old Charlie—Poisoned—Overdose—Ate the stuff."

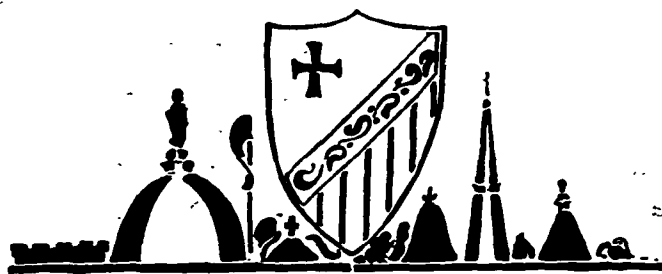
Joan raised her eyes wearily. "He—he couldn't stand the shadows alone, Joe, he—gave up."

She paused, so weary that he had to hold her tightly.

"Joey Boy, we're not going to quit—you won't give up now, will you, Joey?"

"No—no, not quit; give up for what?"

But apparently he did not expect an answer. They turned, closing the door quietly after them, and hurried back through the storm.



Driving in Traffic

CLEM PATER, '28

"OF course, I can drive a car. Let me at the wheel." With great self-assurance and nonchalance I slipped into the driver's seat, took a light hold of the steering wheel, drew a last puff from my cigarette, and proceeded down Main street.

A corner. "Huh, that's easy. Apply the brakes when you want to stop a car." I remembered that lesson well—too well, as I soon learned. Chug, chug, and the car stopped right at the intersection of Main and Lime streets. "That's funny; I don't understand why that happened." I was always told that to stop a car one should apply the brakes. "Yes, there was something else to that rule. Ah, I remember now, you throw out the clutch simultaneously with the brake pedal. I will not forget that. Now, let's go." I drove for three blocks, satisfied with everything, with myself in particular, when, lo—I espied a traffic policeman within two feet of my car. I had forgotten to blow my horn, but luckily for me, the officer saw the proximity of my machine and quickly jumped aside, just missing being struck. I had not known that there was traffic surveillance at this remote corner, but my plea of ignorance did not soothe the wrath of the officer. His efforts to create a scene were far from futile, for a large crowd gathered, seemingly from nowhere, to listen in on his outburst of frenzy. I endeavored to salve my injured feelings and relieve my embarrassment by classifying him as a sore-head—as one intoxicated with authority, one who believed that the town could get along better without the mayor than without himself. However I was successful in my arguments with him and he let me go without paying a fine.

A vehicle in my way was a reminder that that horn is put on a car to be used. Accordingly I pressed the button on the wheel which resulted in two successive blasts that might have scared the wits out of the bold-

est pedestrian. But somehow the horn was not so effective for the impediment to my progress did not move to the side of the street. Some people are so stupid that they are oblivious to everyone around them and they monopolize the right-of-way at all times. Determined to get ahead, I blew the horn continuously for several seconds, when a mounted policeman halted me and shouted: "Hey, you think you are in a circus? Can that calliope or I'll drag you in." Such unadulterated nerve, to shout at a man like that. Why do they put a horn on a car if you are not supposed to use it?

On my way again, feeling confident that nothing would happen to strengthen that irksome suspicion that I was not so good after all. Peacefully I rode on, carefully observing all hand signals and semaphores, when presently I found myself at the end of the street. A corner to be turned, but no traffic officer to worry me this time. In turning, however, the wheels of the machine caught between the car rails and the result was a skidding and swerving of the car that knocked down two pedestrians. Shrieks and screams from others whose lives were jeopardized drew together another mob and made me miserably sick at heart. "Is the man crazy?" "Arrest him."—Such exclamations wakened me from my bewilderment to the realization of what had happened. It all seemed so ghastly: the lifting of those apparently lifeless forms from the street, the hysteria of the women standing by and the uncanny wail of the siren on the ambulance rushing to the aid of the injured. To augment the frightfulness of the occasion, there was a sharp report of a blow-out as the ambulance came upon the scene of the accident.

Through the fortunate escape of the victims from serious injury and the loyalty of the two bystanders who testified that it was an accident, I was exonerated.

Needless to say, my self-confidence was

greatly shaken; yes, if the truth must be told, it was shattered. I find it very difficult to "muster up" sufficient courage to drive again. Probably the only way anyone could ever get me to grasp the steering

wheel of the most trustworthy motor car and to throw said car into gear, would be to bestow a multitude of accident insurance policies upon me with my own name written in the space reserved for the beneficiary.

Favorite Dishes

JOSEPH REBEL, '28

NATIONS, as well as individuals, have their favorite dishes. This is quite apparent here in the United States, the melting-pot of the nations. A person could easily guess the nationality of his after the installments are complete. The what he ate. A restaurant that caters to several different nationalities would do well to have a cosmopolitan menu—and thus be certain of pleasing all its patrons.

The Germans lead all the nations in strict adherence to their favorite dishes. The United States has adopted most of them, Americanized them to some extent, and thoroughly enjoys them, although they still retain their teutonic nomenclature. The lowly "hot dog," for instance, is known scientifically as the weiner wurst. This is a typical German dish.

We all know how the super-patriots changed the name of sauerkraut to "Liberty Cabbage" during the hectic war days, no doubt under the impression that they were aiding materially in winning the war. If they bore such an antipathy to German food, why didn't they discontinue eating it, and confine their diet to spaghetti or English pot-pie? Hamburg steak is still hamburg steak regardless of what it is called.

The Irish, of course, prefer Mulligan stew—perhaps because the principal ingredient of the savory dish is the famous Irish potato.

The Italians have introduced spaghetti and ravioli, and the crafty Chinese have tricked Americans into consuming their chop suey by carloads.

A close observer might draw interesting conclusions from watching people eat; he could, perhaps, determine their temperament or their mode of living. He might notice, too, that certain types prefer well-seasoned dishes, and rightly infer that those particular individuals had a rather peppery temperament. A person who likes plain, solid food, and eats whatever you place before him, reflects an earnest, steady character. Occupations are sometimes reflected in the choice of a favorite dish; the salt pork of the old time sailors is traditional, and is reflected in the pork and beans served to sailors on our modern warships.

Favorite dishes are prominent in certain sections of the United States. The Bostonians are nationally famous for the culinary skill they exhibit in the preparation of baked beans. Virginians have an unequalled knack of preparing baked and fried ham dishes that are never forgotten by those who have had the good fortune to taste them. The Southerners can fry chicken in an appetizing fashion that wins the heart of everyone.

Modern girls, anxious to win a husband, try various different means to attain that objective, such as bobbed hair, cosmetics, short dresses, and other "modern improvements." But if they are really sincere and want to be certain of winning the heart of a young man, they would do better to ascertain his favorite dish, and then learn how to prepare it in an appetizing manner. The young man, in an ecstasy of gastronomical delight, will "pop the question" without delay.

Prelude

(After the musical composition: Sergei Rachmaninoff's *Prelude in C sharp Minor Opus 3, No. 2.*)

EVERETT MICHAEL, '29

Let me play for you a Prelude. A little tone-poem in a minor key. Like the short story, it is a single vignette of expression in tone-color and lyric mood; a rich purple color blended from the animated red of drama and the dreamy blue of romance; altogether an impression of sweetly melancholic mood, awakening that subtle piquancy of each life: memories. Rhapsodic, evanescent sentiment, like the song of the thrush, for which a few moments of each life are spent in the making, the source from which in after-life most of our happiness is obtained. A poet once wrote this beautiful paradox I never quite understood, "Music is love in search of a word". If that word, whenever found, is the expression of love, then listen to my song.

Russia. Cossack cavalry. Terror. Persecution of the Jews. Blood and flames. Shrieks of pain—travail of parting. Some lay sleeping or moaning in the snow, their homes making lurid the evening snow and sky of black Russia. Terror.

Beneath the village shrine in the square the Jews huddled under the Christian cross, wailingly beseeching mercy from the barbaric sabres.

Breaking from the band a little girl ran into one of the houses, half-enveloped in smoke and flames. Crouched on the floor, bewildered with fear, a boy slowly gathering up sheets of music. His treasured piano, the only pretentious thing in the little home, was scorched, blistered, and beginning to burn.

"Valia," she cried. "Come. Leave your music. You will be burned."

Dry-eyed, the boy watched his home incarnadine the sky and sink to hissing ashes—dumbly, not comprehending.

Across the square, in the high tower of the church, rang the chimes for the evening

mass, and through the intensely agitated sound of crackling, expiring embers came the soft deep tones of the organ, chanting a hymn as though it were his cherished piano playing its own elegy. And the long smouldering storm now burst into a tantrum of swirling fury, and like the happy converse of life, hid the darker scenes beneath a coverlet of snow-white beauty.

Many were the tribulations and hardships of crossing the winter snows of northern Russia to Petrograd and the sea. These two children, lost from their parents and kinsmen, followed the little band of refugees, they knew not where. Many days were spent in the hold of a great ship, in cramped quarters close to the incessant moaning of the huge turbines. Yet they were not unhappy days. The children, with their heads crammed together that they might both see through the port-hole at once, looked out upon a landscape of sky and water, that, in their imaginations, seemed continually to grow more blue and sparkling. Even the vibration of the machinery seemed filled with exuberance and the presentiment of joy. Soo-oo-oo-oo, it sang, as though it was trying to say soon, but it always forgot to stutter out the last letter. Yes, soon they would be in a new land, a place of hope and promise.

Dawn spread is mystery over the harbor. Behold! Towers over towers rising. They were the unstable, colossal pillars of heaven. Through the diaphanous sea-mists of the morning bathed in aureate splendor, the city seemed to be a mirage of the fabled City of Brass. Glowing dawn of brighter day. Eden.

Slums. Noise and grime. Tenements. Signs, bay-windows, dark, murky streets of

green, aqueous gloom—overhead the heinous sound of elevated trains. Raucous shouts of urchins at play, even there in the Ghetto, as fun loving as those the world over. Smoke. The mystery of nefarious doorways—barred windows partitioning the gastly lurid gas-light. Cobble-stones, traffic, huzzaws of peddlers, bustle, color—a hodgepodge of sordidness.

Beauty in the home of Isadore Ginsberg, the merchant, father of the adopted children. Jessica found a ready sale for flowers in that gaunt quarter of starved beauty. Somehow Valia had a piano. On returning home in the evening, with an empty basket and her apron pocket jingling with kopecks, Jessica would sit on a footstool by the piano. There, with closed eyes and her head supported by cupped hands, in an inquiring angle of rapt attention, she listened to the song of youth he played. Sweet and happy were those days. And sweeter grew the melancholy hunger of his Slavic songs—the songs of Russia.

November blew its insidious breath of rain, chill, and drear sunless days. Foreboding nights. And the unlovely streets became yet more grey and drab. Women in turbans and shawls; children huddled in doorways, too cold to play. The smoke and soot of many chimneys hung like a pall. Cobble-stones, slippery with rain and grime.

It was in the twilight that Jessica came hurrying homeward, jumping the puddles in the street, her basket still holding a sprig of roses. (A pretty, almost pathetic figure of poverty with a long threadbare shawl across her shoulders; her face Jewish in cast, with long black hair where nestled a rose; a delicately featured white face with wistful eyes that glowed beneath long lashes.) She was happy this night, for a lady had given her a dollar for a single flower. Streets were chill and almost deserted, and she hurried, for she knew her

home was warm and bright and cheerful.

A light shone from the big bay window in her home over her father's store, and Valia was playing his sweetest song. She stopped to listen.

A skidding truck. Scattered roses ground into the mud.

The drooping figure was lifted and carried to the little lighted parlor above. (Mute.)

"Jessica . . . Jessica . . . for God's sake speak to me . . . it's Valia."

The child's eyes fluttered open, and somehow smiled.

"Valia . . . please play . . . the Prélude . . . for me . . ."

Something dynamic in his playing struggled for expression. With an inarticulate word the notes from his fingers epitomized his soul.

"Dear Valia . . . play it again . . . it speaks such queer . . . wonderful things . . . to me . . . I don't understand . . . like the bells . . . the organ . . . in Russia . . . so beautiful and sad . . . dawn . . . a . . . call . . . Valia!"

Dusk . . . night . . . nothing.

Forty years had passed. A grey-haired master sat playing in the twilight. The purple shadows of the night filled the richly draped room with color, sensuously soft. Memories. A face smiled up from the footstool . . . a child's face . . . it never grew old. He played the Prélude she had always loved so well. Throbbing music, dramatic, vivid, lurid, nervously agitated with struggle, . . . and again through the chaotic turmoil came the soft, sweet tones of the organ . . . ever in the minor key . . . it was the story of his life. And the child's eyes expressed wonder and approval as the music ended in a minor chord, . . . when, clearly and softly as the approaching dawn upon the desert, it spoke, . . . a word.



SPORT NEWS

Iowa Ironed, 5-1

The Iowa University nine failed to bring their "hawk-eye" with them when they journeyed to Notre Dame last Saturday and as a result were held to five hits and a lone tally, while the local squad piled up a four-point lead. Ed. Walsh, Jr., was invincible after relieving Steve Ronay in the first frame and but for an error in that round, the corn-eaters would have been held scoreless.

The affair was a "ball game" in every sense of the word. The section reserved for the Seniors and their guests was filled with a colorful group that caused many an underclassman to long for the day when he could bring his one-and-only to Cartier Field. Even though the outcome of the game was decided in the fourth inning, the crowd stuck for the nine innings, another novelty at Notre Dame.

Steve Ronay, who was assigned to the mound duty for the game, got off to a poor start and threw two bean balls to the first Iowa batsman, the second one taking effect. Then came two passes, filling the bases, and Coach Keogan rushed Ed. Walsh as a relief hurler. After the visitors retired with a lone run the game rode along peacefully until the fourth frame. Joe Sullivan crashed a hot one to center, the runner making third, when the gardener in the pivot position misjudged the speed of the liner. Red Smith singled, advanced to second on Moore's sacrifice and scored from second on Fritz Wilson's single. An error by McNabb, the Iowa shortstop, allowed Besten to reach first and Wilson the second sack. Walsh drove in the third tally with a single.

The scoring of the game ended in the

seventh inning after Parisien singled, Crowley drew a pass and Sullivan singled, filling the corners. Two errors and an over-throw to secnd allowed two Notre Dame runners to score.

Lefty Stegman hurled nicely for Iowa, and had he been accorded better support by his teammates the Notre Dame scoring column would have been reduced somewhat. He kept his hits fairly well scattered, but a combination of hits and errors resulted in the visitors' downfall. Walsh was never in danger and besides holding the Vogelmen to five blows he struck out nine batsmen.

Coach Keogan presented a re-vamped lineup. Fritz Wilson, playing at first, turned in a nice performance. Injuries to O'Boyle and McGee weakened the outfield, and Elmer Besten took an assignment in the right garden. Smith did the receiving throughout the game and received a lot of favorable comment for the way he backed up first base on every play at that corner. Captain Flinn, of the Hawkeye nine, had a big day in center, handling six liners in a handy manner.

Iowa meets Notre Dame on their home lot tomorrow. Just who will hurl for the Blue and Gold depends upon Keogan's choice at Ames today, where the squad meets Iowa State College.

Lineup and summary:

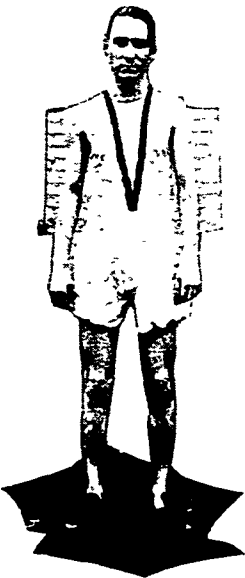
NOTRE DAME (5)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Parisien, lf	4	1	1	1	0	0
Crowley, cf	3	1	0	2	0	0
Sullivan, 2b	3	1	2	2	1	0
Smith, c	4	1	1	9	0	0
Moore, ss	4	0	0	0	2	0
Wilson, 1b	4	1	1	8	1	1
Besten, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Pearson, 3b	4	0	1	2	0	1

Ronay, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Walsh, p	4	0	1	2	2	1
Totals	34	5	8	27	6	3
IOWA (1)	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Heiserman, 2b	3	1	1	0	1	0
McNabb, ss	4	0	0	1	1	2
Flinn, cf	4	0	1	6	0	0
Terry, rf	5	0	1	0	0	0
Hobin, 1b	3	0	0	13	0	0
Smith, 3b	4	0	0	0	1	0
Saahs, lf	4	0	1	0	0	1
Miller, c	2	0	0	0	0	0
Kinsley, c	2	0	0	5	1	1
Stegman, p	3	0	1	0	4	1
Totals	34	1	5	24	8	5

Two base hits—Sullivan and Besten. Struck out—By Walsh, 9; by Stegman, 3. Base on balls—Off Ronay, 2; Walsh, 2; Stegman, 3. Passed balls—Miller and Kinsley. Hit by pitched ball—Heiserman by Ronay. Umpire—Stevens.

MICHIGAN STATE MAULED

After losing in two successive weeks to Illinois and to Iowa, Notre Dame tracksters came into their own last Saturday and decisively defeated the Michigan State squad, 78 to 48, at East Lansing.



NULTY

Superior strength in the hurdle and weight events gave the Irish a decided edge and although they were forced to bow to a few defeats on the track they managed to pile up point after point in their favorite starts.

After trailing for the first three events, the Notre Dame team closed the gap when Boland and Mayer took major places in the shot put and Griffin and Barron placed one-two in the high hurdles.

The margin once evened, the Irish were never headed again during the struggle. Gradually they increased their pointage until it was impossible for the Michigan State squad to come close to them.

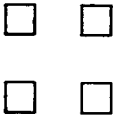
Although the Notre Dame crew had little trouble in winning, one untimely accident

befell it. Jimmie Stack, star quarter miler who cracked the Cartier Field record for the 440 a week ago, pulled a tendon in the hundred yard dash and will be lost to the squad for the remainder of the season. Coach Rockne had relied upon Stack to be a big factor in the meet next Saturday but his injury renders him incapable of action there.

The Irish squad was shifted around considerably. In some events, where Notre Dame superiority was certain, stars were scratched so that lesser lights could race to wins. Captain Harrington and Ike Moes did not compete but their places were amply handled by the reserve strength. Four men, Griffin, hurdler; Lloyd, hurdler; Repetti, weight thrower and Hammill, vaulter, made monograms in Saturday's meet.

The sprint series was the feature of the day. Joe Della Maria lost to Fred Alderman, one of the best dash men in the country in both the 100 and 220 yard dashes. The Notre Dame flash lost by inches only in each event and the time was exceptionally fast. The feat of the Irish timber top-

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MICHIGAN AND WASHINGTON

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pers in scoring 17 points in the two hurdle events was also surprising to those who thought that the Notre Dame squad was weak in the barrier department.

Coach Rockne started intensive training periods Monday in preparation for the Indiana State College championships which are to be held at Indiana University, Bloomington, Saturday. The Irish are conceded a good chance of winning it. Saturday's summary follows:

100 yard dash—Alderman, State; Della Maria, Notre Dame; Grim, State. Time 09.8.

Mile Run—Wyle, State; Collins and Young, Notre Dame. Time 4:27.6.

220 yard dash—Alderman, State; Della Maria and McGauley, Notre Dame. Time 21.6.

Shot put—Boland, Notre Dame; Smith, State; Mayer, Notre Dame. Distance 42 feet 1 inch.

High Hurdles—Griffin and Barron, Notre Dame; Von Noppen, State. Time 16.1.

Pole Vault—Hammill, Notre Dame; Smith, State and Bov, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height 12 feet.

440 yard dash—Grim, State; McDonald and Coughlin, Notre Dame. Time 49.9.

Discus Throw—Tillotson and Smith, State; McSwiney, Notre Dame. Distance 129 feet 7 1-2 inches.

Two Mile Run—Young, Notre Dame; Thomas and Harper, State. Time 9:55.3.

High Jump—Carey and Griffin, Notre Dame; Kurtz, State. Height, 5 feet 8 inches.

Low Hurdles—Lloyd, State and Barron, Notre Dame. Time, 26.2.

Half Mile—Collins, Masterson and Judge, Notre Dame. Time, 2.04.

Javelin—Repetti, Notre Dame; Alderman, State; Lavelle, Notre Dame. Distance 151 feet 7 inches.

Broad Jump—Alderman, State; Reilly and Carey, Notre Dame. Distance, 22 feet 4 7-8 inches.

Notre Dame will be represented by some of the outstanding stars in the Middle West when the starters guns bark tomorrow at the Indiana State Track Meet. Captain Paul Harrington, holder of the intercollegiate indoor mark, will attempt to add the outdoor championship to his list.

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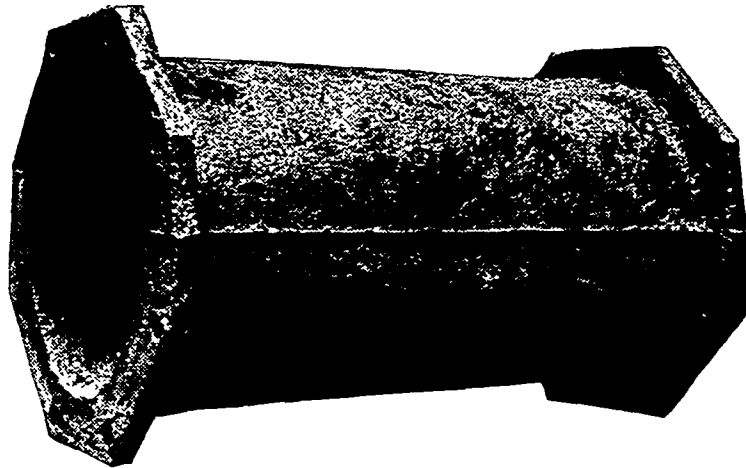
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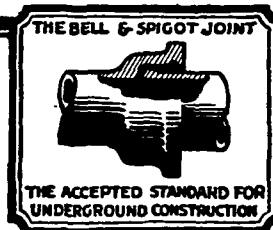
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FROSH LOSE AT KALAMAZOO

Notre Dame yearling trackmen met with their second defeat last Friday when the crack Western State Normal squad of Kalamazoo, Michigan, won a majority of events and took the long end of an 80 to 45 score.

Pitted against one of the best college teams in Michigan, the Freshmen found themselves unable to keep up to the stiff pace that was set and before the meet had progressed far the long lead of the Michigan lads was well established.

The first four events were closely contested and resulted in an 18 to 18 score. The Normal squad scored heavily in the high hurdles and shot-put, but the excellent showing of the Frosh in the 100 yard dash and mile run brought the counts even.

Gradually the strength of the Western State team began to show and when the meet had been half completed it had attained a comfortable margin. A slam in the quarter mile and major places in the javelin and discus throws helped the Western State score to rise.

Weather conditions were very poor for a track meet but some good marks and times were turned in despite the inclement weather. Morrow, pole vaulter for the Michigan squad, scaled twelve feet, six inches and narrowly fell short of his third thrust at thirteen feet.

Elder, 1929 sprint star, was the outstanding star of the meet with first places in the 100 and 220 yard dashes and a third in the broad jump. Morrow's win in the pole vault and tie for second in the high jump gave him a total of seven points.

GOLF MATCHES ARE CLOSE

Cups offered by K. K. Rockne and the South Bend *News-Times* head the list of prizes for the winners of the golf tournament now being conducted among the knights of the tee here. The number and quality of prizes offered is unusual.

Most of the first matches in the tournament have been played and several unusually tight encounters have featured. The Bulger

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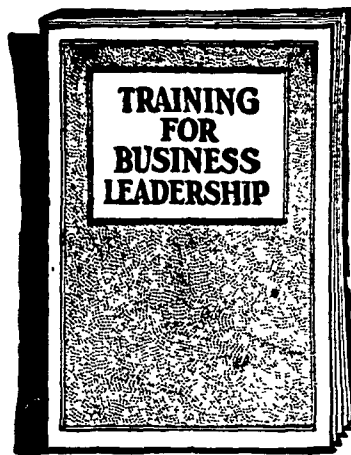
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vs. Bombeck clash was won on the last hole by Bulger when his opponent missed a one-foot putt. Jack Adams, after being four down at the ninth hole, played stellar golf to win the last five holes and the match. His opponent, Joe O'Hanley, played the first nine holes in par.

The second round of the tournament must be played before Sunday evening, and the scores of the matches posted on the boards at the Notre Dame end of the car line and the Erskine Park Golf Links. The winners of the matches are urged to get together immediately for their play-off. United States Golf Association rules govern all play.

INDIANA DEFEATS IRISH

Entering the afternoon round of play with a 5 to 3 lead as a result of two-man play in the morning, the Notre Dame team suffered an 8 to 2 setback in the foursome play and as a result were defeated, 11 to 7, by Indiana university golfers Saturday on the Erskine park links. The match was one of the features of Senior Week here.

Jack Adams, star of the Notre Dame team, was beaten, 3 to 0, in the morning round by Capt. Redding, his opponent. Shouse was even all around with Nelson, his opponent, and their match was scoreless. Capt. "Ty" Bulger of the Irish, defeated Groendyke, 3 to 0, and Seidensticker, playing Utley, of Indiana, won his match, 2 to 0.

In the afternoon round Adams and Seidensticker, playing Redding and Utley, scored a 2 to 2 tally, but Shouse and Bulger were forced to accept a 6 to 0 defeat from Groendyke and Nelson in their match.

Capt. Redding made the morning 18 holes in 72, while Jack Adams made 73. "Ty" Bulger ran the course in 74.

FROSH TRIM CULVER

Notre Dame's freshman golf team won the decision from Culver Military Academy's team by a 5 to 3 score in a close match at Culver Saturday.

Harrington scored three points for the Irish over Shannon, and Bombeck defeated Farquhar, 2 to 0. Webb scored for Culver, beating Hughes, 1 to 0, and Walsh beat Terreri 2 to 0, to score Culver's other 2 points.

Roche went around in 78. and Bennion made the course in 76, the lowest of the day.

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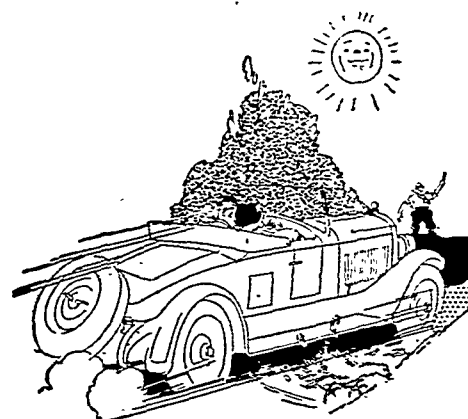


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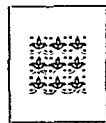
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THE SAFETY VALVE

DEAR E. S. B.: Wednesday in the afternoon we read from Father O'Donnell's *Cloister* to the Rookies, they being delighted and liking the title poem best of all. "For its vastness and peace," as Mr. Wentworth was pleased to say. But Mr. O'Connor and T. D. selected "A Road of Ireland" for a quiet meandering. Come along a stanza and admire our judgment:

From Killybegs to Ardara is seven Irish miles,
 'Tis there the blackbirds whistle and the mating
 cuckoos call,
 Beyond the fields the green sea glints, above the
 heaven smiles
 On all the white boreens that thread the glens
 of Donegal.

And we hope when the next volume comes out there'll be at least one poem about Limerick which has the Shannon and the Treaty Stone.

Well, by and by, we went to witness the Orchestra concert, of which we had heard and with which we were charmed, as they say. It was a caution the way the E. S. B. drank down the symphonies, conchiertos and the Vawgner's Valtzes, besides being tickled with the Maestro's jokes.

And then Sunday, after the smoke of battle had cleared away, as they say, we met a blond, suave, oval-faced young man of the Senior Class, he looking all bruised up after the gruelling dance derby.

"And how was the dance?"

"You mean the ball."

"And wasn't it a strike?" we queried facetiously.

"It was a hit!" he exclaimed uproarously.

"Tell us about it."

"Well, you know who was at the throttle valve, don't you?"

"No! No!"

"Whose hands were on the steering wheel?"

"Question! Question!"

"Whose fingers manipulated the ribbons that held the horses?"

"Tell us! Tell us!"

"An army has soldiers, officers, bases of supply, field kitchens, Red Cross nurses, deserters, welfare workers, hospital ambulances, graduates and flunkers. But there's only one Caesar, one Napoleon, one Foch. Only one man—"

"Name, Name!"

"To keep the hand on the throttle valve—"

"Yes! Yes!"

"To swing the steering wheel—"

"Hurry! Hurry!"

"To control the ribbons that hold the horses—"

Ah! And then he vanished! He was gone! Quicker than a flash, as they say, he disappeared like Mirza's vision, with which, dear E. S. B., you are most probably entirely unfamiliar.

And so we do not know and we shall never know whose was the grip on the throttle valve, whose was the hand on the wheel, whose were the fingers that held the ribbons that held the horses that galloped to glory in the great annual Senior Dance Marathon of 1926. [Editor's Note: The miracle man referred to is Mr. Bon.]

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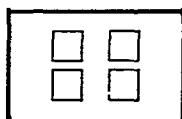
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